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THE MAIN POINT.

The execution party of Auburn jail, who juggled with the wretched KEMMLER till they managed by dint of shocking and roasting to kill him off, are now engaged in shifting the blame for their bungling onto other shoulders.

Warden DUNSTON says DR. SUTTKER was to blame in ordering the current to be shut off too soon. DUNSTON seems to be right. DR. SUTTKER indignantly throws the responsibility on DUNSTON for having the arrangements most defectively made. DR. SUTTKER seems to be right. No with the others who had any responsibility; they lay it elsewhere, and seem to be right.

What is the upshot of it all? That there was a general blunder, and that those on whom most depended for the success of the execution were the most deficient. These same blunders can occur again. The manner in which this first electric execution was conducted will not be any support or relative to the hurried executioners in others.

The most ludicrous outcome of it all is that there never should have been a failure. The details have been more shocking than the most brooding mind could have imagined.

At all events, if the law is not repealed, where will you find a jury of human beings who will condemn one of their fellows, whatever his guilt, not only to death, but to a horrid scene of torture? No nineteenth century jury would condemn a man to be burnt at the stake. Why any more condemn him to be hanged by electric wires? Repeal the law!

DIFFICULT JUSTICE.

When a Judge has to mount his judgment seat with bayonets bristling in a cordon about him to protect him from deadly assault for impartial rendering of justice, the moral atmosphere of that locality needs purging very badly.

This is the state of affairs in Perry County, Ky. It cannot be a cheerful place of residence, except for gentlemen who are fond of violent practice with a human being for target.

The Judge very rightly declared that such a condition of affairs was a disgrace to Christendom. He avowed that he would elevate the tone of the community till the murder of a man was regarded as a more serious crime than stealing a horse.

The Judge may have a larger contract than it would appear. Perry County, Kentucky have been notorious for horses!

Chicago has invited Warden DUNSTON to come and lecture on the Kemmler execution, and bring along a model of the chair. Of course, it would be too much to ask the Warden for all the details of the graceful, dainty affair at Auburn, but he might discourse on the gentle mercy of a quick, seemingly and painless death by electricity. Slitting the victim's trousers up and trimming his shirt to effectively apply the wire to his spine might be humorous, but treated to lighten the severe scientific treatment of the subject. Chicago might enjoy this.

The outcome of the Dunlo case is better than could have been expected from a British scandal involving a Lord and a horri of the male halls. Lord and Lady Dunlo are perfectly reconciled with each other now. The Earl of Clarendon threatens to cut off his son's source of supplies if he persists in living with his wife. If DUNLO should have "said" enough to snap his fingers in his mean old father's face and actually work to support the woman whom he deliberately wedded, his stock as a man will rise very decidedly. Do it, DUNLO.

That royal darling, Prince George, will go home in May and be promoted to the command of one of the royal yachts. May be he will be captain on his own papa's craft, the Arcton. He is being all the fun which his cousin's visit to England might have let him in for, but the next time WILLIAM comes to Cowes he may sail around on Prince George's boat. How nice!

An old pocketbook vendor, who recently died, had \$4,000 sewed up in his clothes and a deed for the house in which he lived. If there is anything absolutely barred from human sympathy it should be a miser.

Emperor WILLIAM got nearly crushed by a carriage. He has also caught British fever. If he returns alive to Germany the nation may well sing a Te Deum.

The Volunteer has come in ahead in another yacht race. There are no flies on Gen. FAIR's dandy boat. Who said she had warped out of line?

They Do Him Honor.

First Yonkers—I don't think young McKee would so much up. All the papers sell him high.

Second Yonkers—Yes, but they said they were a capital lot.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

There is no fabric equal to jeans for embroidery and points to work.

Instead of hemstitching the choice handkerchief the corners are ornamented with draw work.

If you must wear black brighten it up with a flat silver braid quarter of an inch in width and girdle it with a silver belt.

Ladies are wearing striped silk belts buckled with a silver S. This is a pretty fancy for a cotton waist or flannel blouse.

Four-gray ankle leather low shoes, with silver buckles and laces, have taken place of the russet tie.

There is a girl, not yet seventeen, in the town of Essex, Conn., who wished much to go to school and gain some special instruction and training. She was about for a way to earn some money, and finally hit on the making of two articles in which she excels. They are brown bread and cream cakes. She made some and carried them round to those whom she thought would buy, and obtained many orders. Her time is now fully occupied in making brown bread and cream cakes and delivering them. By autumn she will have money enough to go to school besides paying expenses.

For a woman to affect indifference to dress is the highest degree of affectation and reprehensible, and when you meet with a woman who indulges this affectation you may be sure that she is utterly devoid of taste, has no sense of form or color, and knows not a well-made gown from a veritable sack, or else, for some reason best known to herself, she is practicing hypocrisy.

Here is the most approved way of making waffles: First be sure the irons are smooth. In the first place, if your irons are rusty or rough, make a batter of simply flour and water, spread them thoroughly, and brush well. Try this batter in and cook till done; take out, and if it does not come out easily have patience, and get all the waffle iron out by running with a sharp-pointed knife. Repeat this process, and you will be surprised how smooth your irons will become. Then to one pint of buttermilk or sweet milk, use two eggs and soda or baking powder as you would for pancakes.

The "Lancet" Albert is the rather peculiar name that a London jeweler has bestowed upon a fibrous chain. Crossing the silk ribbon are granules and a buckle set with fine diamonds. Three links of beaten yellow gold form the chain proper and at the opposite end is a pendant representing a globe of gold encircled by a crown beautifully wrought in a bas relief of dual twisted wire.

The swell attachment of a family which is blessed with small children is now an East India ayah or nurse. These Hindoo attendants have for many years served in England as the same purpose that the negro nurse did with us in the era of slavery. They are usually to be taken of a certain official distinction on the part of their masters, and their introduction dates from the days of Great Britain's grandiose career of conquest in the East Indies. Colonial officials, military and civil, and those who attend to their children, their presence thus had a meaning in the existing caste distinctions of the time. Nowadays it means nothing at all in England. Here in America it signifies the adoption of a foreign practice because it is foreign and for no other reason under the sun.

Miss Mary Lee, the youngest daughter of General H. E. Lee, possesses a wonderful memory for faces and names. Even a casual acquaintance met years before is not forgotten, and after many years after she meets at once speaks his name and recalls all the details of their former meeting. Miss Lee came from Egypt to witness the unveiling of the statue of her father. She has spent the last five years in Portugal, France, Russia, and the island of Madeira. She is a tall woman, of distinguished presence, and possesses that vivacious charm of manner and brilliancy of conversation which are nature's best gifts to her sex. Miss Lee will remain in America visiting friends in the South till next Spring, when she will sail for Rome.

Shot albums are deservingly fashionable. The finer makes are silk, and roset water as well as albumen. A very tasteful dress is of old-rose alpaca, shot with white. To be met in construction are several yards of vicuña material striped with a darker tone of vicuña rose, the stripes narrow and arranged in groups of three. Pale-blue mohair, shot with white and cream, and a delicate pattern, are among the color mixtures in these pretty, durable fabrics.

An excellent way of testing tea is to put a teaspoonful in a glass of water and shake it thoroughly. If the tea is genuine, the water will be a pure amber tint, but if adulterated, strongly colored.

The small Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Emperor of Austria, is said to be growing exactly like her mother. The little girl is an enthusiastic entomologist, and never leaves the Castle of Laxenburg, where she lives, without a butterfly net.

An exchange thus describes the flower petal game: This of Japanese origin, as I believe very many of our cleverest games are. Upon a large sheet of paper a human face is traced, and the players are seated in order to decide who is to be blind. If one of the little maidens of the party is chosen she hides her pretty face behind a big handkerchief and tries her luck. The children hand her a leaf of a human hand, and she tries to place on the nose of the picture. Of course it is only one in a dozen times that she hits the mark. All sorts of ludicrous mistakes occur, sending the little one off in wild bursts of childish rage. Delicately tinted rose leaves are supposed to apply the two nostrils; the suit petals of the roses for the cheeks; the blue petals of the gladiolus for the eyes, and for the hair a number of the yellow leaves of the ground plant. As you may imagine, a wonderful picture is the result of these efforts and one calculated to furnish an immense amount of fun, when combined with a really artistic picture of a pretty creature. Sometimes it takes the form of a little straw basket filled with delicious bonbons, again a dainty flower vase of some Japanese trifle.

A Matter of Habit.

Mrs. Wronder—What do you mean, sir, coming home at this time in the morning?

John—No, I don't mean anything, I'm just home as usual.

Mrs. Wronder—You said you used to come home at eight.

John—Yes, but they said I was a capital lot.

WEE SUFFERERS, ALMOST MURDER.

"Liverpool Jack" Fitzpatrick Arrested Again This Morning.

Life Savers Doing Noble Work Among the Poor.

This Hot Weather Brings Death to Babies.

The Kidnapper Accused of Shocking Brutality by a Dying Man.

William Riley Kicked and Beaten in a First Ward Saloon.

Succumbing to Lockjaw in the Ward's Island Hospital.

Tarrytown Again Heard from.

Yesterday afternoon and evening a fair under the management of the underaged four little girls, was held upon the lawn of ex-County Superintendent of the Poor, Joseph J. Tompkins, for the Sick Baby Fund. The law was indignantly decorated with hanging and Chinese lanterns, and the more fair and sweet song of the children soon brought a goodly attendance.

The fair netted \$1.50, which will be sent to the little girls in the form of a gift. The fair was held at the residence of Mrs. J. Tompkins, 100 West 10th St., New York.

Little Girls' Fair.

We are three little girls who have heard from our parents of the Sick Baby Fund, and we have made up our minds to do something for it. We have made up our minds to do something for it. We have made up our minds to do something for it.

One of them, who acted as spokesman, introduced himself as Charles Brooks, a brother-in-law of Riley.

The Coroner recognized another of the party as Alderman Patrick McCarthy, of the First Ward.

Brooks showed the Coroner a telegram from the House Surgeon of the Homoeopathic Hospital, asking him to go there at once if he wished to see Riley alive.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the Coroner.

"Oh, just give me a permit to bring the body over here, if he is dead," Brooks answered.

"What was the matter with Riley?"

"He fell down a flight of stairs and hurt himself," Brooks answered, but another man thoughtlessly aroused the Coroner's suspicion by talking just when Brooks did not say.

"Oh, he got in a little fuss," Brooks answered.

Then he stopped.

The Coroner questioned and cross-questioned the men, but elicited so many contradictory stories that he at last determined to go over to Ward's Island and see Riley if the latter was still alive.

Thereupon, one of the quartet wanted to stay behind. The Coroner would not let him. The five men went up to Ward's Island, reaching the Hospital at 10.30 p. m. House Surgeon Stewart admitted them.

"Riley is still alive, but sinking fast," he said.

Coroner Messener went to the dying man's bedside and found the bulk of what had once been a strong, well-built man.

"What is the matter with you?" How were you injured?" asked the Coroner.

Riley refused to state. The Coroner persisted. "You are going to die," he said.

"Don't go into the other world with a lie on your lips,"

"I am not going to die," Riley said doggedly.

The Coroner brought the House Surgeon and another physician, who both assured their patient that his hours were numbered. Thereupon he weakened and said:

"Well, Liverpool Jack told me for me. You know him, 'Jack' Fitzgerald, the terror of the First Ward. He did me a week ago last Saturday. He did me a week ago last Saturday."

"What did he do to you?" questioned the Coroner.

The wounded man's temperature was 100, his pulse 135, indicating that death was near at hand. He was so weakened that he could scarcely utter a word, and the statement he was able to make was a very brief one.

"I went into the saloon at southeast corner of Washington and Morris streets, and he said, 'a week ago last Saturday evening.'"

"I saw Liverpool Jack and two other men in the bar of the saloon. They were talking together."

"After taking a glass of beer I started to go out, when Liverpool Jack and the two other men came up to the front of the saloon, and coming up to me, smashed me in the face, saying, 'Take that.'"

"His blow was so hard and fierce that I fell head over heels and landed in a heap. Then, as he always does in a mood, he jumped on me when I was down. He kicked my face black and blue; kicked me in the ribs and thighs, and in falling I broke the little finger of my left hand. Finally I heard his friend say, 'Let me be his head,' and then I became unconscious."

"When I got back my senses I was in Chambers Street Hospital, black, blue and sore. From Chambers street they sent me to Bellevue and from there here. To-day they amputated my little finger on the left hand, which Jack broke, and that is all I can tell you," he concluded.

The hospital doctors told the Coroner that Jack had not set in consequence of the amputation of the finger, and that Riley could not live another day. The Coroner thereupon impudently laid a jury and had Riley repeat his statement in their presence and he swore it was true.

The Coroner did not act at all like the action of his former companions. He thought that they would rather have shielded Jack. He was afraid to let them go from him for a moment, and determined to keep them with him until he had arranged for "Jack's" arrest.

Shortly after midnight this morning he went with his companions in a row boat from Ward's Island to the foot of East One Hundred, and Pittsburgh street, and from there to Capt. West's station.

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A CHANCE FOR THE JOKERS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a good eagle to the person who has sent in the best joke for the accompanying illustration. No further contributions will be received in this contest.



Heard at Newport by the Sea.

Soubrette—You look exceedingly stupid, Drew.

Walking Gentleman—It is in the line of business, my dear. I am practising the latest McAllister fad, the Prince George gig.

Built Up at the Free Lunch Bar.

Softy—I was down to the beach, and I tried the lung-tester. I blew up to the highest mark.

Miss Sissie—What a strong breath!

Judged by Appearances.

Kittie—What an ingenious tailor advertisement! See, it opens its lips! It speaks! A phonographized dummy, I declare. O Pandora Edison! (Passes on.)

Edward (soliloquizing)—She knows me, evidently, but the idea of calling me son. Must be old, too, but, like a sinned K'tie, deceives by her looks.

Contemplates a Dreadful Emergency.

Miss Nellie—Good morning, Mr. Lookbright; what makes you appear so downcast this morning?

Mr. Lookbright—Ah, Miss Nellie, my papa has refused to give me any more money, and I was thinking if I would really have to work, douter know!

Plain Speaking That Hurts.

Cornelius (who figures on marriage)—Well, Mabel, what am I to be in the future to you?

Mabel—An eyesore.

He Was in It, Too.

Miss Quick—So you changed your boarding place, Mr. Slow.

He—Yes, it was real horrid; they had beef-steak all the time, and the boarders three dice to see who would get the meat, and as I never could throw dice I was always getting the soup.

Hymns, Ancient and Modern.

He—Returning from church, Miss Pious?

She—Yes, Mr. Worldly. I wish you had been there this morning; the hymns were divine.

He—The hymns—hims—ah! yes.

No Possible, Probable Doubt Whatever.

Mr. Spooly (chump at the seashore)—Weally, your friend, Miss Jones, is quite a fool, douter know?

Miss Fitzalan (pert young lady at seashore)—She is not. How can you make such an assertion?

Mr. Spooly—Aw, weally, she is. Any girl who flirts is a fool.

Miss Fitzalan—Does she flirt?

Mr. Spooly—Why douter know, she flirted with me all last evening, weally.

Miss Fitzalan—Oh, then she must be a fool.

Fixed for Either Horn of the Dilemma.

Mr. Kane—Aw, aw-low me to be your protector?

Miss De Klue—No, thanks! I can protect myself with this parasol—when the sun is too bright and when the suns are not bright enough.

He Saw the Duck—She Didn't.

In Central Park: Miss Dairy (from country)—Sir, please tell me where I can see the duck.

Mr. City—What Duck?

Miss D—Up at one place they told me to be sure and see the Aquil Duck that raised the New York Reservoir ten feet when it ran into it.

An Object Lesson in Syntax.

He—A penny for your thoughts this oppressive evening, Miss Julia.

She—I was just thinking which is the most proper expression—"Will you have a dish of ice-cream?" or "Will you take a dish of ice-cream?"

She got it just the same.

Two Sides to the Mirror Divine.

"Do you know," said he, "your face reminds me of a mirror, for I can see nothing in it but the truth?"

"Oh," said she, "I thought you were going to say that when you looked in my face you expected to see your own."

Then a great light came into his eyes.

SPOTLETS.

The hot that stays constantly home is a good boy-holder.

Naturally it is a cold day when the ice-man gets left.

The best diet for amateur wife is cold wittles.

Edmund Abbott, who founded a Paris party, was well equipped for the office. He was always alert. (English pronunciation with this joke.)

The dies upon his finger.

Burnt under the cover, hot and free;

And thus: "There are no flies on me!"

Sam Jones says he loves a pretty woman next to a fast horse. It is good, anyhow, that Sam didn't mix his epithets up.

A loving husband poured kerosene over his wife and lit her. This was making light of his better half.

A coffin trust! What a grave business.

Lightning cured a man of deafness. What a pity that deaf people can't hear the thunderbolt scold to run for them.

It is the Prince of Wales's turn to take water. His majesty and his nephew have both been ducked.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why? To find one good, you must be a melonizer.

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed. Friendship's love, speed the parting guest.

—Pope's "Moral Essay" Book 3, l. 104.

Give us the assured, the erect, the manly foe; I can meet a coward, a weak, a mean, a low, but all despises good heaven, thy wrath can seal.

Save, save, oh, save me from the coward friend.

—George Canning—See Martineau.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare.

And he who has one enemy shall meet him every-where.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe as from my friend I shrink.

—Milton—Paradise Lost.

My friend shows that I can do, and my foe what I should.

—Milton—Paradise Lost.

Witness—An' then, Mr. Sims, thar, 'lowed he was a rooster, an' 'strapped on a tin bill, an' went to pickin' corn with the chickens.

Probate Judge—Probably the extreme heat made him a little light. He'll come out of all right, I reckon.

Witness—Next day he wandered out on the street, an' 'told every one—'lowed he met that low wad 'n' boom, an'—

—Spectators (in one voice)—'lowin' crazy!

The Horrid Things.

[From "The Humorous Household"]

Beggar—Ach, my dear madam, can you not give me a pair of old boots?

Lady—Why, those you have on are quite new yet.

Beggar (in a whining voice)—That's just it; the horrid things ruin my business.

THE PEASANT AND THE BED-WARMER.

[From "The Peasant"]

First Peasant—How is it you no longer put up at the Golden Crown when you drive to market?

Second Peasant—What! They are regular take-ins! Last winter when I lodged there for the night, they made a great fuss, and when I asked to take in a dog, they said, 'What d'ye think it was? Nothing but hot water!'

Will Be Wiped Out.

[From "Peep"]

Mr. Waster No—How do you account for the surplus of women?

Mr. Bonanza Sharpe—I don't account for it, but as they have taken to smoking cigars, it will probably be accounted for as the G. O. P. accounted for Uncle Sam's surplus.

The price of MONTAGUE'S FURNITURE COMPANY is within the reach of all.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, One Dollar Weekly.

RELIABLE PERSONS CAN OBTAIN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, KEMMLER PINS AND CHAINS ON EASY WEEKLY PAY MONTHLY PAYMENTS BY CARRYING ON US ADVANCE.

METAL WATCH CO., 100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE DOCTORS.

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where all curable diseases are treated with success. Specialties: Rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, all nervous diseases, chronic diseases, all forms of skin diseases, etc. Address: 187 Montague St., Brooklyn, N.Y. Office hours—9 to 11 A.M. 2 to 4 P.M. 7 to 9 P.M. daily. Sundays 10 to 11 A.M. and 7 to 9 P.M.

AS WE EMPLOY.

only the best artists and most skilled workmen, considering quality of most important, our furniture is greatly superior to the cheap common product of some factories, and yet, being satisfied with a manufacturing profit, our prices are much below the retail storekeepers' rates, who add 50 to 100 per cent. to cover the large cost of retaining the products of others.

OUR GOODS NEITHER WARP NOR WEAR WITHEN. WE GUARANTEE TO GIVE THE SEVERE TEST OF HOT-AIR FURNACES.

CEO. C. FLINT CO., FURNITURE MAKERS, 104, 106 AND 108 WEST 14TH ST.

Small things are frequently productive of great results. The match, for instance, a bit of wood and a speck of phosphorus, is almost without limit in its possibilities. "Want" advertisement has the same potency for immediate and tremendous results as the match if properly applied, although the former constructs while the latter destroys. The World is to a "Want" what a train of gunpowder is to the match.

"A Want" one day in The World will reach more people than you could tell your needs by word of mouth were you to live 500 years and spend your time in doing nothing else.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

James Craig, to whose great strength the recent victories of the Arthur Kull's four-cored shell crew are largely due, is the chief designer in one of the best of true working men's clubs. A. F. Canacho, who conquered the Staten Island Athletic Union right to victory in the Middle States regatta, pulls a strong arm himself. The chain Islanders owe their victories chiefly to his good training and coaching. He has the reputation of being a mascot.

Freeman, who pulls No. 6 in the famous "champion" Atlanta eight, is a powerfully built, dark young man, who rows for every ounce there is in his 160 pounds.

F. M. Kelly now captains the Acorn Athletic Club. His chief characteristic is energy, which he will spend cheerily in putting a first-class crew-country team in the field this fall.

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